RUBEING A TOWN---A NEW PROFESSION

Explanation of Some Queer Figures You Meet About the Streets Nowadays

There are more ways of earning a living and dining on strawberry shortcake and lemon pie nowadays than Horatio dreamed of in his back date philosophy. One of them is novelty advertising.

The novelty advertiser sinks any sensitiveness he may have innately possessed below a surface composed half and half of impudence and coolness with a dash of personal dignity, when everything else fails, and an element of adaptability at all times. He may be a sandwich man, an Indian, a Pierrot, and you may pity him, seeing in his profession the last resort of need.

Not at all. While this may be true of some, the majority in the calling are soldiers of fortune, who pity men tied to office desks and 9-to-4 routines.

Recently shoppers have noticed in the streets a tall, exaggeratedly dressed Frenchman who toys with his vandyke beard or his monocle, brushes the dust from his checked trousers or spotted waistcoat or arranges his flying coattails while he glides slowly or quickly on roller skates through the watching crowds. He has a small colored tiger in an immaculate uniform of skin tight trousers, long coat and tiny silk hat, who carries a suit case on which is printed the name of the firm the pair are advertising.

The Frenchman, luxuriant as his sartorial equipment is, has no office building into which he can invite the interviewer, but he does possess a locker and the right of way in the establishment from which he emerges twice a day for his regular exercise, which he says keeps his figure down and his spirits and bank account up. In a quiet corner of this establishment he talks about his calling.

"After you've been a novelty advertiser," he begins, crossing one long, lean limb over the other, "any other work is as tame as turning a handspring to a trained acrobat. Perhaps I'm an out and out Bohemian, but, honestly, if I had to tell the truth, I should say that the real reason why I began this kind of thing was that I've always liked loud clothes, and while some men work that tendency out on the boards, I've simply taken a little bigger stage for mine—that's all.

"Added to this natural desire to go the best dresser one better, I have had experience in the advertising departments of various newspapers, and the experience gained there taught me that if you want to sell goods you've got to advertise in some way that will attract the attention of the crowd.

"Take your own case. Would you be nearly as interested in a paragraph in a magazine about some new breakfast food as you would be if you witnessed the same article advertised by some one who knew how to Rube a place?"

"Rube?" the interruption has to come.

A look of pity is followed by the explanation. "Why, that's the regular expression of the trade. You Rube a place when you send out some one to advertise an article the way I'm doing. The first advertisers were the hayseeds, Rubes as they're called, and now anybody is a Rube who dresses up and walks about for some firm. I was one of the original Rubes. Those were days."

He stops to wipe off some reminiscent perspiration from his brow.

RUBEING A TOWN

"Of course the crowds were a little more pronounced in their methods then and one had to keep his weather eye open. Now it's hard to get any attention, except in New York; that's a cinch.

"The usual way was to walk along as if you had been a farmer all your life and as if your make-up wasn't a bit out of the common. Then suddenly you'd stop, rush out into the middle of the street, or if the crowd kept off of you, the sidewalk would do, and stoop over to pick something up.

"Naturally, the crowd stopped, too, and as soon as you had them all lined up watching, you'd simply flap your coattail in a dignified manner, and on the inside would be painted the name of the article you'd been hired to advertise.

"I had a favorable trick that never failed to work. There's nothing so foolish a man can do that some other fool won't think he really means it. We've got a lot of belief in our fellow man's common sense, I tell you.

"This trick was to become suddenly very much interested in seeing how the trolley cars worked. I'd go out in the street and lie down flat so that I could see the slot and then I'd hear a burst of laughter and the remarks, 'Ain't he a jay?' or What's the jay doin'?' and with that for a cue, I'd flag the crowd on the sidewalk with the coat tails and then they'd see that I was the only one in the whole outfit that was attending strictly to business and the only jays about were those looking on.

"I will say this, that no matter how badly a crowd is fooled it never has any resentment, and really enjoys the joke.

"Another one of my devices was to stand plumb in the middle of the car track and look up with the expression of wonder at some one of the tall skyscrapers. The crowd loved that I guess better than any other trick, for you see there was always a chance I might get run over, and they could say, 'Served the jay right!'

"I never stayed there very long unless I happened to know the motorman. If he was a friend of mine he'd run his car along in such a way that I'd get a good bump and sometimes get knocked over, and when the crowd rushed out to pick up the remains I'd lie sprawling in the dust with the advertisement plainly visible. Then they'd cuss and laugh, too.

"Finally Rubes got so plentiful that nobody paid any attention to them and the salaries took a tumble, so it was necessary to try a new makeup.

"I started out as a fat German, and only used words that had Rhine wine endings. I took a camera along and used to go through the motions of taking pictures, and just at the moment when the crowd thought I was going to take a picture a roller dropped from the end of the machine with the words of the ad on it.

"But fat Germans and camera fiends are too plentiful, and try as I would with a makeup I couldn't look any worse than the Germans you meet every day, especially those in Milwaukee and thereabouts; so after a brief day that had to stop. The Indian, too, isn't much of an attraction, for in the West they see too many of the real article and in the East they're used to the cigar store kind, and so by easy stages I got where I really belonged—to the part of the swell dresser.

"I made my first start in this kind of a rig at the St. Louis exposition. My wife was along dressed in bright red, a long plume in her hat, and we always had the footman.

"We did that fair thoroughly, every corner of it, and didn't have to pay a cent. Sometimes we got so interested that we forgot we were part of the show, and when we turned and saw the crowd we'd think they were interested too, and finally discover we were the attraction. We'd collect quite a bunch and take them right into the concessions with us—only they had to pay.

"New York is the greatest place in the world for novelty advertising. Try as hard as you may, after a while you use up the resources of a small town, and as there is no floating population to speak of, your time is short.

"Besides this, the people all over the country are more stolid than they are in New York. They'll look at you in a fish like way, but they don't tag as they do here.

"You choose Thirty-fourth street at the junction of Broadway and Sixth avenue, and I defy you to beat that spot for interest in any place in the United States. It is estimated that 50,000 strangers pass there every day, and from my personal experience I should not say the number mentioned was too large.

"You scarcely ever see the same face twice. You can never wear out your welcome there.

"Every place in New York, too, is different. You take Fifth avenue and you get there a respectful admiration for your efforts in the makeup line. Men and women in swell victorias and in stylish automobiles will turn and look at you, and often you will hear one say to the other: 'Well, that's as clever a piece of advertising as I have ever seen.'

"The men like it, for it appeals to their business sense, and the women admire the artistic touches. It takes an artist to appreciate an artist, and a man or woman who can attract the attention of thousands of people every day in the week is an artist.

"On Broadway you will attract more people, but it's a different kind of interest. Very likely you will hear some one say: 'Just catch onto his lid' or something like that, but they look and follow and are amuse and interested.

"On Sixth avenue I often have to skate right off the sidewalk to avoid the women, who pack themselves into a solid mob; men know how to crush better and always leave a place to get through, but the women have no mercy.

"Now in Harlem——"

Emotion overcomes the voice of the speaker for a moment. Then he continues:

"I give you my word of honor I have never met such a gang of hoodlums as I struck there, and I have travelled all over this part of the world pretty well. I went there one night, and walking from Third avenue to Eighth I was almost mobbed.

"When I turned to come back there were two crowds that met, one coming with me and the one going the other way, and I was between the two. Nothing but a policeman could move me, and he did at the risk of his life and mine.

"Finally we got on a car, and it's no more Harlem for me. I wish I knew what makes Harlem people so different, but I don't suppose I ever will. They are, though. Throw things? Well, they threw words and everything else.

"Another thing the novelty advertiser learns in his travels about is the difference in cities. You take the Western towns, for instance, even places as big as Kansas City, and it is the quiet, genteel outfit that draws best.

"They won't pay any attention to the outlandish exaggerated rig, but let a man put on a swell, well made suit in the very latest cut and style, and they'll be caught every time. Now, in New York that outfit wouldn't take at all. My next attempt will be in an automobile, and that is sure to go, because that represents money, and nothing cheap goes here.

"A man who takes up this sort of work has got to be on the alert every minute. Just as soon as a man in a crowd is impudent he's got to work his bluff, for it's the bluff that takes every time.

"I've got so that if a man as big as a skyscraper wants to jump on me I can quell him in a second. I don't know how it is, but I can do it. Practice, I suppose; and then I'm not a bit afraid, and that's half the battle. I tap my sword cane or my hip pocket, and look like a prize fighter for a second, and the man usually fades away; and then the police are, as a general thing, on my side.

"It's the women who give me the most trouble. The remarks they make and the way they step all over you are irritating things to put up with. The children are pretty much of a nuisance, but they don't bother me so much, for I can always frighten them, and if you attract the child the parent has to go along, and then you get so much more attention.

"The night makeup is my best trick. I designed it myself, and it's never failed to draw."

The novelty advertiser takes the celluloid shirt front fitted with real brass studs from its resting place and caresses it with the proud finger of the inventor.

"You see I carry two storage batteries, one in each hip pocket and push a button to turn the light on. Take a rather dark corner and flash it suddenly and your 'ad' is pretty distinct.

"Just to show you what fool remarks people make! The other night I was standing at the corner of one of the uptown streets and happened to be resting my hand on the back of an automobile. A couple, a middle aged man and woman, came by and as they reached me I pushed the button and the shirt front lighted up.

"They both stopped, very much interested, and the woman said to the man:

"'Oh, I wonder how he does it!'

"The man didn't hesitate a moment but answered her in rather a patronizing way as if he wondered that anyone could be so ignorant as not to know:

"'How does he do it? he said, 'why, that's easy. You see, he keeps his hand on the automobile and that connects him with the big storage battery. He gets all the power from that.'

"The woman was satisfied and they passed on. I hurried after them, passed them and turned. As I met them I pressed the button again and I heard the woman say:

"'Automobile! You don't know a bit more about it than I do. Why didn't you say so? If that ain't just like a man!'

"I suppose I wasn't quite faithful to my own self in doing that trick, but he was so proud of his knowledge I couldn't help it.

"Lots of times people stop and ask me if I'm deaf and dumb, and if I stopped and told all the old ladies who ask me the story of my life I wouldn't stir from one place for a year.

"An amazing thing about the business is that so few of your friends and acquaintances recognize you. Frequently I have seen people I know well stop and look at me when I was dressed up this way and then pass on without the faintest glimmer of an idea who I am and they have even spoken of me to myself and I've led them on. The great thing in a disguise is to conceal the eyes."

The novelty advertiser takes a lozenge from a silver box, places it tenderly on his tongue and apologizes.

"I lost my voice when I was a spieler and a spieler without top notes is no more good than a prima donna would be. It's a good business while it lasts and the novelty advertising naturally follows it, just as an old actor takes to teaching.

"I realized when I was an opener—an opener is the man, you know, who opens the shows by dragging the crowd inside by means of his persuasive eloquence—that I had a future before me as a reader of human nature. One of my first successes was in Buffalo, during the living picture craze, when I attracted the mobs to see 'The Living Vision of Art,' as it was called.

"Sometimes I'd have to whisper with my eye over the shoulder for the police when I saw the crowd had to have things explained right out to them; then again all I'd have to say would be, 'Gentlemen, of course you won't expect to find the ladies draped in sealskin sacques.'

"It's the ability to make those nice distinctions that marks the artist and separates the mere grinder, the man who tells the same story every time, from the clever fellow who gets his inspiration each day fresh, and who is a percentage man, that is, not only gets his salary, but also a per cent. of the admissions.

"And it is that training that goes to make an artist out of the novelty advertiser."

THE POLITE INTEREST OF FIFTH AVENUE

THE HUMAN AD. AND THE HORRORS OF HOODLUMS.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, STEP RIGHT IN."

THE GAEKWAR'S MODEST WAYS

INDIAN PRINCE WON FRIENDS IN WASHINGTON.

Mistaken in One Cafe for a Negro—Rubberneck Lecturer Used Him in His Talk—Missed the Washington Cherry Tree—A Practised and Skilful Auto Driver.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—A pleasant impression was created in Washington by his Highness the Maharajah, Gaekwar of Baroda. The Prince remained in Washington nearly a week, and everybody who met him pronounced him a good fellow. No more unassuming notable ever visited this capital. He has the Haroun-al-Raschid method of strolling about and seeing things for himself.

On the second morning of his visit here he took a walk unaccompanied through the downtown section. He was dressed in plain black clothes, wore an ordinary round straw hat, probably made somewhere in New Jersey, and carried an unrolled umbrella. Nobody on the streets paid any attention to him, for nobody knew who he was. In truth such persons as noticed him at all probably took him for an Afro-American professional man, either preacher or doctor, of which Washington has very many, for the Maharajah's skin is dark.

This mistake was certainly made with regard to him when, along toward the hour of noon, he strolled into the ornate bar of one of the big hotels on Pennsylvania avenue. The prejudice against dark skinned persons is extremely strong down here. They are not served at bars at which white men drink, are not allowed in theatres anywhere below the gallery and are held in general to their racial notch.

The Maharajah, whose revenue roll approximates $10,000,000 a year, ambled up to the bar and, pushing his straw hat back from his forehead, asked the barkeep for a bottle of club soda. The duck clad barkeep glared at him. There was a murmur from the line at the bar.

"Dinge," pronounced one of the best ones.

"What's that you say you want?" the barkeep roughly demanded of the Maharajah, with a tone and manner plainly intended to drive the "dinge," as everybody in the café obviously considered the Hindu Prince to be, elsewhere.

The Maharajah courteously repeated his request for a bottle of club soda.

"Ain't got it," brusquely said the barkeep.

The Maharajah mopped his forehead with a handkerchief. He told the barkeep that a glass of mineral water, of which he named the brand, would do then.

"All out o' that," said the barkeep.

Just then the manager of the hotel entered the café. He had seen the Maharajah in New York, and he accidentally arrived in the café just in the nick of time to save the situation. In a second he was at the Maharajah's side.

"Good morning, Prince," he said with great cordiality. "Just taking a little walk? Suppose we have a little bottle of wine?"

The Maharajah smilingly replied that he didn't drink. He said that he'd merely dropped in for a bottle of club soda, but that there seemed to be none of that on hand, nor any——

"I can get some—come up to the reception room and we'll have it up there," said the hotel manager, and he conducted the Hindu Prince to the elevator, while the barkeep looked chapfallen and the best ones lined up at the bar stared at each other. Suddenly one of them slapped his knee.

"Well, we're the swell lot of punklids," he exclaimed, in a tone of profound self-scorn. "None of us knows the difference between a dinge and a highness. D'ye know who he is? Why, that's his rubylets and pearllets and dismondlets, that Prince from India that's visiting here!"

"Well, I'll be durned!" chorused the best ones. "And all of us playing him for a dinge!"

"And me ready to give him the boots if he'd let out a squeak," disgustedly observed the barkeep.

The Maharajah devoted one night to attending a Masonic festival at Convention Hall. There were more than 10,000 men and women in evening dress there on the night the Maharajah attended. The fine display of thousands of pretty women with their white shoulders and arms at once riveted the gaze of the Prince. The Maharajah had his Maharanee with him—an odd little figure of a woman in her swaddling dress of sober mohair concealing all the lines of the figure and with the yashmak partly concealing her face. The Maharajah would gaze at the lovely women in their white dresses cut very low and their arms all undraped, and then he would steal a sly glance at his Maharanee, catching her eye, and then he would smile and shake his head, and she would roll her beautiful black eyes by way of expressing amused horror. Then the Maharajah, leaning further and further forward in his box, would gaze at the women again.

"Fine picture, your Highness," said the festival committee member who had the Maharajah in tow.

"Yes," replied the Prince, "but one that I find it hard to become used to, although I saw it often in Europe."

"What feature of it does you Highness find it difficult to become accustomed to?" inquired the committee member.

For reply, the Prince with a smile pointed to one of his arms, and then made a crosswise slash with his finger over his chest, to indicate a great depth of corsage cut, at the same time nodding in the direction of a very décolleté group of women who stood chattering close to the box.

The festival committeeman laughed. "There's another end to this matter, your Highness," he said. "You should visit Atlantic City while the bathing season is on."

The Maharajah at once inquired when the bathing season at Atlantic City would begin, and looked keenly disappointed when informed that it would not commence before June 15.

"But I shall make another visit to the United States, and then I shall go to Atlantic City," he said.

On the afternoon when the Maharajah and his party were alighting from automobiles at the east front of the Capitol to tour that building, a huge rubberneck wagon loaded chock-a-block with a party of visiting young women from Virginia hauled alongside the steps at the same time. The megaphone orator of the rubberneck wagon recognized the Prince, and, pointing him out to the rubberneck party, snatched up his megaphone and began to tell all about the Prince, according to his lights. His oration was an oddly jumbled bit of nonsense, delivered, however, in all seriousness, and solemnly swallowed by the high perched raft of young women on the big buzzer. He concluded his talk in this way:

"And the little lady is his wife, the Princess—they call her the Murraynee, or something like that. Now, she's up against a hard game, for, you see, it's the custom in India when a Hindu husband dies that they burn his body on top of a couple of cords of wood and they burn his widow alive at the same time, alongside of him. So that's what she'll get if her husband dies first."

There was a profound silence on top of the rubberneck wagon for a moment or so, after the megaphone man finished this statement. Then, amid the stillness, a girl in one of the rear seats broke out:

"Well, she can have him! Little old Norfolk's good enough for me!"

Herbert Putnam, the librarian, took the Maharajah through the Library of Congress. The Prince was greatly interested in the systematic arrangement of the books, and the vast number of the volumes seemed to impress him deeply.

"How long," he asked Librarian Putnam, "would it take a man to read all of these books?" waving his hand in the direction of the book banked galleries.

Mr. Putnam smilingly replied that no one man could ever begin to read all of the books in the Library, some 2,000,000 in number. Then he made a rough calculation. He told the Maharajah that it had been estimated that no man, in the course of the average lifetime of 70 years, could read more than 8,000 books. Therefore, figuring on 2,000,000 books in the Library of Congress, a man would have to have 250 lifetimes of 70 years each to get through with all of the books, and that would mean 17,500 years.

The computation seemed to amuse the Prince.

"And what would your Dr. Osler say to that?" he inquired.

While visiting the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon the Maharajah surprised his guides with the extent of his knowledge concerning the life, character and services of the First of Americans. But he showed that he has the habit of taking things literally.

"And where is the stump?" he inquired.

"Stump?" repeated one of his guides in a mystified way.

"Yes, the stump of the cherry tree which the venerated Washington cut down as a lad," said the Maharajah with complete seriousness.

"Oh, that," said the guide, smiling, and then he plunged ahead and told the Prince that the cherry tree story was merely one of those amiable fictions that had grown up around the name of the Father of his Country.

The Maharajah looked disappointed.

"I had expected to find the stump of that cherry tree the most cherished relic here," he said. "It is not a fiction, also, that the great Washington was a very truthful man, is it?"

The guide succeeded in squaring the reputation of Washington for veracity, but he'd have felt considerably better had there been a stump of a cherry tree on the grounds to be used as a sort of "prop."

The Maharajah is not deficient in blarney. "I should so dearly love to see your pearls," rapturously exclaimed a young matron he met at a dinner here.

"Here is one of them," quickly replied the Prince, smilingly pointing to his Maharanee, who sat at his side.

"Is it really true, your Highness, that you wore $5,000,000 worth of jewels at the Durbar and that your entire collection of gems is worth $40,000,000?" an unabashed female reporter asked the Maharajah in the progress of an interview at his hotel here.

"I really don't know their value," replied the Prince, in his agreeable way, "but they're not for sale."

The extreme simplicity of this Maharajah's way of travelling leads many persons who meet him to suppose that he is not up to the very last minute in all of the luxurious contrivances of Western civilization.

A wealthy Washingtonian took the Maharajah out for a ride on the Cabin John road in a very swift automobile. The Washingtonian drove the machine himself, the Prince sitting alongside of him. When they came to a long stretch of straight and level road the Washington man let out a link and the car sped along pretty fast. The Washingtonian turned and looked at the Prince with some anxiety.

"If I'm going too fast for your Highness," he said, "please tell me."

"I like speed," replied the Maharajah, quietly.

"Did you ever go so fast before?" inquired the Washingtonian, after another bit of swift driving.

"Would you mind intrusting the wheel to me?" said the Maharajah for reply, and the Washingtonian, not without misgivings, changed seats. The Maharajah instantly showed himself to be a practised driver, to the Washingtonian's intense surprise. He got every ounce out of the machine that there was in it, and he took all of the curves of the unfamiliar road at the top speed, while the Washington man wriggled in his seat.

"You have learned how to drive on your tour?" inquired the Washingtonian.

"No, at home," replied the Maharajah. "I have fourteen cars. I had one of the first fifty cars manufactured, and motoring has been my favorite amusement at home for many years."

"Mighty cool kind of a gentleman, that," commented the Washingtonian, in telling of this. "He can do anything that we can. Before he gets out of the country I wouldn't be surprised to see him take a mount in a gentleman jockeys' steeplechase race—and win it."

Russian Duel by Suicide.

From the London Globe.

A tragedy, romantic on the surface but in reality throwing a repulsive light on the hollowness of life in Russia, is reported from Moscow.

Two young Poles named Nidetzki and Komorovsky, attending a ball given by Count Feodorovo, were both so smitten with the beauty of the Count's daughter that, though friends from boyhood, they at once became deadly enemies and before the ball was half over had determined upon a duel to the death by that most strange but most deadly of all methods—the suicide of one of the combatants. It was decided that the loser of a game of écarte should kill himself, and toward the end of the ball the infatuated pair went to the card room for their game at death. In a few minutes Komorovsky had lost, and, quietly drawing a revolver, he shot himself through the heart. Nidetzky took the first express for Berlin.

As for the fair cause of the tragedy, she was so little impressed that within a few days she had accepted a proposal from a Russian nobleman.

TO ONE COCKTAIL, $20.

A Case of Defective Eyesight Treated Without Glasses.

Dr. Edward G. Loring, for many years before his death a leading eye specialist in New York city, had plenty of humor.

One morning a club friend of his of bibulous habits made his appearance in the doctor's consulting room complaining that his eyes were failing him and expressing fear that he must prematurely take up the use of glasses. He had not connected his defective sight with his alcoholic propensities.

Dr Loring put him through all the paces of an oculist's examination, showed him alphabets of different sizes, made him peek into all kinds of mysterious holes, peered at his eyes through many uncanny looking instruments, asked him innumerable questions and finally gave his opinion as follows:

"Well, Roddy, you won't have to wear glasses yet a while. Nothing's the matter that we can't cure. Take this prescription and follow its directions. Don't open it until just before you are going up to your dinner at the club," and he wrote out and handed over the prescription.

"Thanks, awfully, old man. You don't know how much you have relieved my mind," said Roddy. "How much is it?"

"My fee for examination and prescription is $20," said the doctor.

Roddy opened his eyes a little, but handed over the money and went out, his respect for his friend greatly increased as he sized up the crowd in the anteroom and figured in his mind what they would amount to in dollars.

That evening as he sat ordering his dinner with a cocktail before him he opened and read the prescription, which ran as follows:

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One cocktail per day. E. G. L.

Roddy took his cocktail and never tired after that of offering to bet that he had paid more for a single drink than any other man in the room.

Less Display in Entertaining.

From the Lady's Pictorial.

Folk are now entertaining on a smaller scale. They ask fewer friends at a time, but have more parties.

There is not the ostentatious competition that there has been, and "crushes" are no longer necessary to the popularity of a hostess.